

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

Views in Edinburgh and its Vicinity; drawn and engraved by J. and H. S. Storer, exhibiting Remains of Antiquity, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London.

This work has, we believe, been published nearly two years; and our readers, knowing how very unusual it is with us to go so far back in retrospective criticism, may very excusably demand the cause that has induced us to deviate from our usual course. The fact, then, is, that the projected visit of his Majesty to Scotland has not only turned many eyes towards the north, which had been careful to avoid the error of Lot's wife, but also to direct the attention of the southrons to the Scottish capital, and that of ourselves among others. As we, in common with millions of his Majesty's liege subjects, cannot accompany him in his voyage, we were anxious to get the best and most recent description of—

'Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
And of her palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'r's.'

We were soon led to the work of Messrs. Storer, whose pencil and burine have given the most ample and elegant graphic illustrations of the Scottish metropolis. This work includes one hundred beautiful engravings of the most striking views of a city, which, in regard to appropriate situation, architectural beauty, and the advantages it derives from a vicinity affording varied and almost unparalleled richness of scenery, holds a distinguished rank among the cities of Europe. These engravings are in the best style of those eminent artists J. and H. S. Storer, who seem to possess a peculiar talent for portraying the richness of landscape, and the grandeur of architecture. The engravings are preceded by a well-written history of Edinburgh, and are accompanied by a brief but accurate description of the several public buildings represented.

Of a work of this nature, the prin-

pal merit of which rests in its engravings, any extract can give but a very imperfect idea; we shall, however, quote the account of Holyrood House, the ancient palace of Scottish kings, and where his present Majesty is expected to hold his court on his birth-day, the 12th inst. should he reach Edinburgh in time; but we must first speak of the Abbey.

The abbey of Holyrood House lies contiguous to the palace, and both of them are situated at the eastern extremity of the old town of Edinburgh. It is said to have been founded by David the First, in 1128. The canons of Holyrood were of the order of St. Augustine, and came originally from St. Andrews. It appears that ample provision was made for their support; and that succeeding kings having extended the privileges of the abbey, it was considered the richest establishment of the kind in Scotland. The canons also, at the origin of the institution, were provided by David with a right to the trial by duel, and to the water and fire ordeals. Besides the above-mentioned privileges, the canons had the right of finding out 'noted witches and warlocks,' and of deciding controversies of every kind; and their abbey furnished an asylum to the guilty, whom it was accounted sacrilege to follow, except in cases of murder.

In the years 1332 and 1385, the abbey suffered from the devastation of the English. In 1457, Archibald Crawford, lord high treasurer of Scotland, was appointed abbot of Holyrood House; and he substituted the pointed style of architecture, which characterises the present state of the abbey, for the Norman employed by David the First:—

'When the Earl of Hertford entered Scotland in the year 1544, this monastery was almost entirely consumed by his soldiers, the choir and transept of the church having been destroyed, and nothing preserved but the nave. It was then that Sir Richard Lea carried off the brazen font, in which the children of the royal family had been usually baptised, and, after engraving an insolent inscription on it, presented it to the church of St. Alban's, in

Hertfordshire. The inscription was in Latin, and may be thus translated:— "When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, Knt. saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England; in gratitude to him for his kindness, I, who hitherto served only at the baptism of the children of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service to the meanest of the English nation. Lea, the conqueror, hath so commanded. Adieu. A. D. 1543, in the 36th year of King Henry VIII."

At the reformation the monastery was dissolved, and the church entirely despoiled; but, on the restoration, Charles II. completely repaired it, and ordained that this church should in future be set apart as a chapel royal, and be no longer used as the parochial church of Canongate. At the revolution, the populace were again roused by apprehensions of popery, and, giving vent to their fury, set fire to the church, and reduced the interior to a state of ruin: they, at the same time, broke open the sepulchres of their sovereigns, opened the coffins, and left the bodies naked and exposed.

In 1758, the roof of the church became ruinous. The walls were upwards of six hundred years old, and were but in a crazy condition; yet the architect employed covered it with flagstones instead of slate; and, ten years afterwards, the church fell down by the weight of the roof. The mob then ransacked the church, carrying off what had escaped the plunderers of the revolution. Arnot says, 'the coffins were now stolen: the head of Queen Magdalene, which was then entire, and even beautiful, and the scull of Daruley were also stolen. His thigh bones, however, still remain, and are proof of the vastness of his stature.'

The chapel of Holyrood House, in its pristine state, was a magnificent structure of the English or pointed style of architecture. Its west front has been compared with Melrose Abbey, Ely and York cathedrals. The highly enriched windows which lighted the rood loft are universally admired. The columns, mouldings, and sculptures of

the west door, are executed in the boldest style of alto relievo, and exhibit various grotesque devices. The whole elegantly designed and executed; the north side of the building is ornamented with buttresses, enriched with canopied arches and pinnacles. The south side of the church is likewise adorned with buttresses, but differing from those of the north. We now quote entire our author's account of the—

PALACE OF HOLYROOD HOUSE.—‘The Palace of Holyrood House has had its history so blended with that of the abbey, that it is now impossible to determine at what period of time or by whom the former was erected. It is probable, however, that the abbey is the most ancient of the two. There appears to have been an establishment here, independent of the abbey, as early as the time of Robert Bruce, and we find that most of the subsequent kings of Scotland made it their residence or distinguished it by some remarkable transaction. Arnot and others date the origin of the palace from the reign of James V., who, we are told, “in the spring of the year 1525, founded a fair palace in the abbey of Holyrood House and three great towers,” intending it as a place of occasional residence. These towers form the northwest portion of the building, and the name of James may still be seen upon one of them.

‘The palace having been destroyed by the English, from its ruins there arose a fairer and more extensive structure, consisting of five courts; in this state the building continued till the greater part of it was burnt by the soldiers of Cromwell.

‘The present palace of Holyrood House was planned soon after the restoration, by Sir William Bruce, an eminent architect of that period, and built by Robert Mylne. In 1745, the apartments erected by James V. were occupied by the pretender, and shortly afterwards by the Duke of Cumberland, both of whom slept in the same bed. After this time little attention was paid to the palace, till the Barons of the Exchequer, about thirty years ago, gave orders for a thorough repair, and it was soon afterwards appropriated to the use of the royal exiles from France, who resided here for some years, and held frequent and brilliant levees. Upon their removal in the year 1799, their gratitude was expressed by a letter, addressed to the lord provost and magistrates, translated as follows:—

“Edinburgh, August 5, 1799.

“Gentlemen,—Circumstances relative to the good of the service of the king, my brother, making it requisite that I should leave this country, where, during my residence, I have constantly received the most distinguished marks of attention and regard, I should reproach myself were I to depart without expressing to its respective magistrates, and through them to the inhabitants at large, the grateful sense

with which my heart is penetrated, for the noble manner in which they have seconded the generous hospitality of his Britannic Majesty. I hope I shall have it in my power to make known, in happier moments, my feelings on this occasion, and express to you more fully the sentiments with which you have inspired me.

“Signed, ‘Charles Philip.’

‘The Duke of Argyle and other noblemen have lodgings at the palace by royal grants, and the towers of King James furnish a city residence to the family of Hamilton, the duke being hereditary keeper.

‘The present palace is a quadrangle, inclosing a court ninety-four feet square; its buildings are all four stories in height besides the attic, with the exception of the western side, which is only two stories; this side of the quadrangle contains the grand entrance, and is likewise distinguished by a double ballustrade and a flat roof; at each of its extremities is a castellated square tower, strengthened on its exterior angles by round towers of elegant dimensions. The great entrance is composed of four Doric columns with a corresponding entablature, under which appear the royal arms of Scotland; the whole is surmounted by an octangular turret, terminated by an imperial crown. On the opposite or eastern side of the quadrangle, within the court, is a pediment containing the arms which have been assumed since the Union; the court is surrounded by a piazza, having Doric pilasters and an entablature ornamented with the thistle, crown, and other ensigns of Scottish royalty; between the windows on the second floor is a range of Ionic pilasters, and above these an equal number of the Corinthian order; a large staircase on the right hand leads to the royal apartments, and on the north side is the great gallery, which is 150 feet long. This gallery is hung with the fanciful portraits of one hundred and eleven monarchs of Scotland, painted by De Witt; these were wantonly defaced and mangled by the troops that were quartered here after the defeat of the royalists at Falkirk, in 1745. In this gallery the peers of Scotland are elected, and it is well suited to the dignity and splendour of such an occasion; it was likewise employed by the princes of France for the celebration of mass.

‘The apartments occupied by the Duke of Hamilton fill the old portion of the palace. On the second floor are those which were used by Queen Mary, whose bed still remains. The furniture of this bed is of crimson damask, bordered with green silk tassels and fringes, and tradition assigns the decorations to the fair hands of the unfortunate queen; but the whole is now in a very decayed state. There are likewise some old chairs covered with crimson velvet; in this room a small opening is to be seen, which leads to a trap-stair, communicating with the apartment below. By this passage, Darnley and his accomplices conveyed themselves into the closet in which Mary was supping with Rizzio

her secretary, who was dragged out of that closet through the bed-chamber into the chamber of presence, and there expired under repeated blows. Large dark spots near the outer door of this room, are said to be the indelible stains of his blood. The armour of Darnley and his son, and the boots, in shape and size the prototypes of those now worn by the horse guards, with the queen's dressing box, are still shewn in these apartments. Here are besides, some very good portraits; one of Henry Darnley, or, according to Pennant, Henry, Prince of Wales, Queen Mary, Charles II., Cardinal Beaton, and John Knox, &c.

‘The palace of Holyrood is thought to resemble that of Hampton Court. It is the only royal habitation in Scotland that is not in ruins. Its environs still afford the singular privilege of an asylum to debtors; but this privilege may have been derived from the abbey rather than from the palace; for it is well known from history, that the cardinals, for ages, pretended that they had the privilege (as formerly the vestal virgins of Rome), of giving grace to the criminal, whom by chance they might meet on his way to the place of execution. In 1309, we find the Cardinal de St. Eusebe, rescuing such a victim in the Rue d'Aubri le Bouchor, in Paris: and if the power of the religious extended in those days to the rescuing from capital punishments, there is no reason to imagine it ineffectual in protection from a suit for a common debt.’

Interesting as this volume is in its descriptions, it is doubly valuable on account of its engravings, which are accurate representations of the most striking objects in Edinburgh.

Oriental Literature, applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures.

By the Rev. Samuel Burder, A. M.
2 vols. 8vo. London, 1822.

THE ‘Oriental Customs’ by Mr. Burder, a work of considerable and deserved popularity, has fully established his reputation as being well acquainted with oriental and biblical literature; the present volume may be considered a continuation of that work, to which indeed it will form a very valuable companion. In this work, however, Mr. Burder has availed himself of the assistance of Dr. Rosenmüller, the Oriental Professor at Leipzig, with whom he has interchanged notes and annotations on some of the most difficult passages in the sacred writings. The intelligence brought by our modern travellers in the East, sheds much valuable light, and affords many an able illustration on the sacred writings; and of these Mr. Burder has fully availed himself, as well as of the ancient writers. We need scarcely re-

mark that the object of Mr. Burder is to establish and to confirm, and not to dispute or overturn, the authenticity of the Bible, which is receiving continued and important illustrations from the spirit of research into oriental antiquities which has of late years been so prevalent. We shall select a few of Mr. Burder's annotations, merely to shew the nature and style of these volumes; and must refer all those who feel an interest in biblical literature, to the work itself:—

Genesis, ch. xxix. v. 20.—“And Jacob served seven years for Rachel: and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her.” Herodotus mentions a very singular custom among the Babylonians, which may serve to throw light on the conduct of Laban towards Jacob. “In every district they annually assemble all the marriageable virgins on a certain day; and when the men are come together, and stand round the place, the crier, rising up, sells one after another, always bringing forward the most beautiful first: and having sold her for a great sum of gold, he puts up her who is esteemed second in beauty. On this occasion, the richest of the Babylonians used to contend for the fairest wife, and to outbid one another; but the vulgar are content to take the ugly and lame with money: for when all the beautiful virgins are sold, the crier orders the most deformed to stand up, and after he has openly demanded who will marry her with a small sum, she is at length given to the man that is contented to marry her with the least. In this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome, serves for a portion to those whose look is disagreeable, or who have any bodily imperfection. A father was not permitted to indulge his own fancy in the choice of a husband for his daughter, neither might the purchaser carry off the woman which he had bought, without giving sufficient security that he would live with her as his own wife. Those, also, who received a sum of money with such as could bring no price in this market, were obliged to give sufficient security that they would live with them; and if they did not, they were compelled to refund the money.”

“In Java, the consent of the relations being obtained, the bridegroom is bound to serve the parents of the bride for a year. Raffles's History of Java, vol. i. p. 325.

“The Naudowessies have a singular method of celebrating their marriages, which seems to bear no resemblance to those made use of by any other I passed through. When one of their young men has fixed upon a young woman he approves of, he discovers his passion to her parents, who give him an invitation to come and live with them in their tent: he accordingly accepts the offer, and by so doing engages to reside in it for a whole year, in the character of a menial servant;

during this time he hunts, and brings all the game he kills to the family: by which means the father has an opportunity of seeing whether he is able to provide for the support of his daughter, and the children that may be the consequence of their union. This, however, is only done whilst they are young men, and for their first wife, and not repeated like Jacob's servitude. When this period is expired, the marriage is solemnized after the custom of the country. Clark and Lewis's Travels to the Missouri, p. 101.

“In the mode of marriage by Ambel Ana, the father of a virgin makes choice of some young man for her husband, generally from an inferior family, who renounces all farther right to or interest in him, and he is taken into the house of his father-in-law, who kills a buffaloe on the occasion, and receives twenty dollars from the son's relations; after this, the booroo bye'nya (the good and bad of him) is vested in the wife's family. If he murders or robs, they pay the bangoon or the fine: if he is murdered, they receive the bangoon: they are liable to any debts he may contract after marriage, those prior to it remaining with his parents. He lives in the family in a state between that of a son and a debtor; he partakes as a son of what the house affords, but has no property in himself: his rice plantation, the produce of his pepper-garden, with every thing that he can gain or earn, belong to the family. He is liable to be divorced at their pleasure, and though he has children, must leave all, and return naked as he came. The family sometimes indulge him with leave to remove to a house of his own, and take his wife with him; but he, his children, and effects, are still their property. If he has not daughters by the marriage, he may redeem himself and wife by paying her joojoor; but if there are daughters before they are emancipated, the difficulty is enhanced, because the family are equally entitled to their value: it is common, however, when they are upon good terms, to release him, on the payment of one joojoor, or at most with the addition of an addat of fifty dollars; with this addition, he may insist upon a release whilst his daughters are not marriageable.” Marsden's History of Sumatra, p. 224.

“The Burdooraunes in Cabul, even at this day, live some of them with their future father-in-law, and earn their bride by their services, like Jacob and Rachel, without ever seeing the object of their wishes. Elphinston's Cabul, b. ii. c. 3. Holderness, On the customs of the Crim Tatars, p. 8.

The next is from a passage in the Book of Joshua:—

““And the spies went to Jericho, and came into a harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there.”—JOSHUA, ch. ii. v. i. Most of the eastern cities contain one caravansary at least, for the reception of strangers; smaller places, called choultries, are erected by charitable persons or munificent

princes, in forests, plains, and deserts, for the accommodation of travellers. Near them is generally a well, and a cistern for the cattle: a brahmin or fakir often resides there to furnish the pilgrim with food, and the few necessaries he may stand in need of. Beautifully does Sir W. Jones describe such an act of beneficence in an Arabian female:—

“To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest,
To lull the weary on the couch of rest,
To warm the traveller, numb'd with winter's cold,

The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect,
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:
These are Selima's cares, her glorious task,
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?
When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim
roves

Through pathless deserts and through tangled
groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads a dragon
wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing:
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting
light,

By day a sun, a beaming moon by night.”

““When benighted in dreary solitude, travellers in India were thus certain, within a moderate distance, to find one of these buildings appropriated for their accommodation, and were often supplied with the necessities of life gratis.”” Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 122. vol. i. p. 250.

“Dr. Franklin says, that among the Indians of North America there is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the stranger's house. Hither the traveller is led by two old men, who procure him victuals, and skins to repose on, exacting nothing for the entertainment. See Bartolomeo, by Johnston, p. 68. 287. Buchanan, in Pinkerton, part xxiii. p. 579. vol. viii. p. 775. vol. ix. p. 89. Among the ancients, women generally kept houses of entertainment. “Among the Egyptians, the women carry on all commercial concerns, and keep taverns, while the men continue at home and weave.” Herodotus (Euterp. c. 35. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 1. s. 8.) asserts, that “the men were the slaves of the women in Egypt, and that it is stipulated in the marriage contract, that the woman shall be the ruler of her husband, and that he shall obey her in all things.”—See also Sophocles, Oedip. Col. v. 352. Apuleius, Metam. lib. i. p. 18.

Our last extract is on a passage in Esther:—

““Then the king rising from the banquet of wine in his wrath, went into the palace garden.”—ESTHER, ch. vii. v. 7. “When the king of Persia,” says Tavernier (Trav. part i. p. 241.) “orders a person to be executed, and then rises and goes into a woman's apartment, it is a sign that no mercy is to be hoped for.” But even the sudden rising of the king in anger, was the same as if he had pronounced the sentence of

death. Olearius relates an instance of it, which occurred when he was in Persia (*Travels in Persia*, book v. chap. 34. p. 543). Schah Sefi once felt himself offended by unseasonable jokes, which one of his favourites allowed himself in his presence. The king immediately rose and retired, upon which the favourite saw that his life was forfeited. He went home in confusion, and in a few hours afterwards the king sent for his head.'

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An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the Year 1819.
By John Hughes, A. M. of Oriel College, Oxford. With Etchings by the Author. 8vo. pp. 292. London, 1822.

This work is put forth in so modest and unpretending a manner, that did it not even possess merit, which it really does, we could not easily be brought to censure it. The intelligent author says, his object has been to render it a portable companion to persons visiting the country described. He has, therefore, not so much studied to compile from known books of historical reference, as to answer those plain and practical questions which suggest themselves during an actual journey, and to enable those, whose time is limited, and who wish to employ it actively, to form the necessary calculations as to what is to be seen and done. The best points of view and the parts which may be passed over rapidly, are therefore specified, as well as the places where good accommodations are to be expected, or imposition to be guarded against.

Such as the author describes his work it really is,—a useful guide and companion to the tourist, a plain matter-of-fact statement of what is worth seeing and doing: but it is more—it is an entertaining narrative for fire side travellers, who may set off from Paris, with the author, in the beginning of the evening, and having visited Lyons, Nismes, Montpelier, drank (mentally) of the waters of Aix, and then proceeded to Marseilles and Toulon, arrive safely at Nice before midnight. In order to induce our readers to set out on such a journey, we shall give them a slight and hasty sketch of the entertainment they will meet with, by making a few extracts from Mr. Hughes's *Itinerary*. The first thing that strikes every traveller who visits Paris, is the contrast which that city forms to the British metropolis:—

‘In London every thing wears a busy uniform exterior, varied only by the apparition of a Turk, a Lascar, or a Highlander; and home appears to be the place

reserved for the development of character: but in Paris, from the fashion of living almost in public, and the freedom which every one enjoys of following his own taste in dress or amusement without notice, the history of most individuals appears to a certain degree written on their exterior: and a morning's walk brings you in contact with all the diversities of character which rapidly succeeding events have created. The old beau, with the identical toupet of 1770; the musty moth-eaten non-descripts sometimes seen at the mass of Notre Dame, which remind you of a still earlier period; the faded royalist, with a countenance saddened by the recollection of former days; the ex-militaires, whose looks own no friendship with “the world or the world's law”; the old bourgeois riding in the same round-about with his grand-children, and enjoying the *jeu de bague* as cordially,—revolve in succession like the different figures in a magic lantern, while the place of Punch and Pierrot is supplied by a host of laborious drolls and *gens à l'incroyable*. The various members of this motley assemblage appear also more distinct from each other, as connected in the recollection with places so strongly marked by historical events, or bearing in themselves so peculiar a character:—the place Louis Quinze, the grim old Conciergerie, the deserted Fauxbourg St. Germain, with the grass growing in its streets; the Place de Carousel, the Boulevards, and the Catacombs, the Palais Royal, and the Morgue.’

In travelling along the Soane from Rochebot to Lyons, Mr. Hughes and the rest of the party in the passage boat, among whom was a French glutton, stopped to breakfast, or rather dine, at Trevoux:—

‘Here the Beaujolois hills (or, at least, a range which runs in an uniform line with them) recede, and conduct the eye to a distant vista of higher mountains, toward the south; while, to the left, the river takes a sudden turn among the steep but cultivated sides of the Limonais. This curve brought us all at once upon such a green sunny nook, as might have served for the hermitage of Alexander Selkirk, in the island of Juan Fernandez; in the centre of which stands Trevoux, crowned by the ruins of an old castle, and overlooking the beautifully fertile valley which skirts the foot of the Limonais hills. From its situation, and the form and disposition of its houses, piled tier above tier to the top of a woody bank, Trevoux affords a perfect idea of a little Tuscan town. The Hotel du Sauvage and the Hotel de l'Europe, are equally well frequented; and, like Oxford pastry-cooks, take care to employ the fair sex as sign-posts to their good cheer. Each inn has its couple of waiting-maids stationed at the water-side, in the costume of shepherdesses at Sadler's Wells, full of petits soins and agréments, and loud in the praises of their respective hotels. By these pertinacious damsels

every passenger is sure to be dragged to and fro in a state of laughing perplexity, like Garrick, contended for by the tragic and comic muse in Sir Joshua's well-known picture; nor do their persecutions cease, till all are safely housed. We went to the Hotel de l'Europe, whose table may be supposed not deficient in goodness and variety, from the specimen of one man's dinner eaten there. I shall enumerate its particulars, without attempting to decide on the question so often canvassed, whether our neighbours do not exceed us in versatility and capacity of stomach. Our young Falstaff then (for it was he of whom I speak) ate of soup, bouilli, fricandeau, pigeon, bœuf piqué, salad, mutton cutlets, spinach stewed richly, cold asparagus, with oil and vinegar, a rôti, cold pike and cresses, sweetmeat tart, larded sweet-breads, haricots blancs au jus, a pasty of eggs and rich gravy, cheese, baked pears, two custards, two apples, biscuits and sweet cakes. Such was the order and quality of his repast, which I registered during the first leisure moment, and which is faithfully reported; and, be it recollect, that he did not confine himself to a mere taste of any one dish. Perhaps I may be borne out by the experience of those who have had the patience to sit out an old Parisian gourmand, by the help of coffee and newspapers, and observed him employed corporeally and mentally for nearly two hours, digesting and discriminating, with the carte in one hand and his fork in the other. The solemn concentration of mind displayed by many of these personages is worthy of the pencil of Bony; and, though French caricaturists have done no more than justice to our guttling Bob Fudges, I question whether they would not find subjects of greater science and physical powers among their own countrymen. On our return to the coche d'eau, our fat companion lighted his cigar and hastened to lie down in the cabin, observing, “il faut que je me repose un peu, pour faire ma digestion;” and Monsieur C., instead of leaving him quietly in his state of torpidity, like a boa refreshed with raw buffalo, began to argue with us on the superior nicety of the French in eating. “Nous aimons les mets plus délicats que vous autres,” quoth he; at which we laughed, and pointed to the cabin. We found, upon explanation, however, that Mr. C., though well-informed in general upon the subject of English customs, entertained an idea not uncommon in France, viz. that we always dispatch the whole of those hospitable haunches and sirloins, which appear at an English table, at one and the same sitting: with this notion, his observation was certainly natural enough.’

In the course of his route through a country where the revolution had made the greatest havoc, Mr. Hughes often notices its dreadful ravages in the destruction of old family castles, the spoliation of churches, and the few persons

who had escaped its terrors, living ‘to point a moral or adorn a tale.’ In the account of Chateau Grignau, our author says:—

‘In the course of three months, three hundred and seventy-eight persons perished by decree of the miscreants composing the revolutionary tribunal at Orange, whose names were Fauvette, Fonrosac, Meilleraye, Boisjavelle, Viotte, and Benoît Carat, the greffier. One of their first victims was an aged nun of the Simiane family, canoness of the convent of Bollene, accused of being a counter-revolutionist; so lame and infirm, that her executioners were forced to carry her to the scaffold. Madame d’Ozanne, Marquise de Torignan, aged ninety-one, and her granddaughter, a lovely young woman of twenty-two, perished in the same massacre. The personal beauty of the latter, which was much celebrated in the neighbourhood, had interested one of the brigands of Orange in her fate, who promised to exert his influence with the council of five, to save the life of the grand-mother, on condition of receiving the hand of Mademoiselle d’Ozanne. The poor girl overcame her horror and reluctance for the sake of her aged relative, and promised to marry this man on condition of his success in the promised application. The life, however, of so formidable a conspirator as a superannuated and dying woman, was too great a favour to be granted even to a friend; and the only boon which he could obtain was the promise of Mademoiselle d’Ozanne’s life, in consideration of her becoming his wife. “Eh bien! il faut mourir ensemble;” was her answer without a moment’s deliberation, and next day, accordingly, both the relatives perished on the same scaffold. Poor Peyrol (the guide) himself, after expecting the fatal *allons* for many a morning, was at length relieved from his apprehensions by the fall of Robespierre, and obtained his release, on condition of serving in the army. After fighting for four years, with a cordial detestation of the cause in which he was engaged, he was disabled for the time by a severe wound, and obtained leave to return to Grignan, where he settled in the little inn; but the most severe blow of all was yet in store for him; for his wife died not long after, leaving him with five children. “Ainsi vous voyez, monsieur, que j’ai connu le malheur. Au reste, Mons. de Muy m’a donné la clef de ce château, et cela me vaut quelque chose; car il y a du monde qui viennent quelquefois le voir.” Then, relapsing into his habitual strain of complaint, he ended with “oh mon pauvre cher maître! ce beau, ce grand château! ah, j’ai tout perdu!” One bright moment, however, as he exultingly remarked, occurred during his compulsory service in the army; for it so chanced that he was one of the guard on duty during the execution of his former oppressor, Fauvette. “Moi à mon tour je l’accompagnois à cet échafaud ou

il m’aurroit envoyé; il avoit la mine triste, un fleur de jasmin à la bouche; ma foi, ça ne sentoit pas bon pour lui.”’

That Mr. Hughes is an agreeable traveller, the extracts we have made will show; that he is also a liberal one, will appear by the following observations, which occur in his account of Avignon:—

‘In our way we fell in with a procession of children, the eldest of whom could not be more than seven years of age, in pairs, and with lighted candles in their hands, escorting a cross of lath and a very indifferent daub, which represented some female saint, and screaming in chorus with all their might. Those who had no candles, ran about with little dishes, vociferously begging money to buy some; and, in spite of the respect with which one would wish to consider whatever fellow Christians choose to denominate, in pure earnest, a religious ceremony, it was impossible not to be reminded, by the petitions of these sucking Catholics, of Guy Fawkes’s little votaries on the fifth of November. We thought involuntarily of a boy who had followed us that very morning into the church of St. Didier, tossing a ball in his hand, and, after crossing himself with great gravity, immediately began his game again. Whether the interests of religion gain or suffer most by the familiarity with the ordinary business of life which it assumes in Catholic countries, is a point which I cannot presume to determine. It is true, that it may frequently occasion such ridiculous scenes as those which I have mentioned; and our habits of mind, as Protestants, may lead us to conceive that such familiarity may tend to generate levity and indifference. On the other hand, however, amidst all the mummery which may mix itself up with the occasional ceremonies of the Catholic service, there is much worthy of commendation in the more common ordinances, to which alone a sensible Catholic must look for religious improvement. I particularly allude to the shortness and frequent recurrence of the mass (such as it is) and the constant access afforded to Catholic churches, in which some service or other appears to be carried on during great part of the day. These regulations are well adapted to take advantage of those serious trains of thought which often arise most forcibly at accidental times, and from unpremeditated causes. The attention is thus excited without being fatigued, and the privacy of the closet is combined with that solemnity which attaches itself to the house of God. It may be said, indeed, that to consult the caprices and associations of the human mind, is to lower the dignity of religion; but surely a good end must justify any means which are not in themselves culpable or ridiculous. The mechanic, for instance, in returning from his daily labour, enters an open church from accident or curiosity, crosses himself from habit, and is led on by the momen-

tary feeling of reverence which that act must generally awaken, to employ five minutes in his devotions, a well spent portion of time, which probably would not otherwise have been rescued from the business of the day, but which may influence his conduct during the rest of it.’

Mr. Hughes gives an interesting account of the mission at Avignon, during the Lent of 1819, from a pamphlet published, by a M. Fransoy. There were nine missionaries, whose labours were unceasing,—

‘More than twenty thousand individuals were assembled in the churches at every service; and a circumstance which proves how admirably each missionary and associate fulfilled his particular task is, that each parish gave the preference to the persons attached to it, and none allowed the superiority to its neighbouring quarter. Like mothers, who can see nothing more perfect than the children to whom themselves have given birth, each parishioner acknowledged no better men than the missionaries appointed to his own church. MM. Guyon, Menoult, and Bourgin, shone as much at St. Agricol, as MM. Ferrail and Levasseur at St. Pierre; and MM. Gerard and Rodet in the church of St. Didier, as much as MM. Fauvet and Poncelet in that of St. Symphorien.’ To the character of M. Levasseur the writer bears honourable testimony, as a young man who had devoted time, talents, and a liberal private fortune, to the cause; and whose exertions on this occasion impaired a naturally delicate constitution. ‘From four in the morning to eight or nine at night, their time,’ he says, ‘was for many days occupied in public or private instruction, and in visiting the hospitals and prisons; and forty missionaries would have been necessary to have completely accomplished what these nine took cheerfully upon them.’

The effects of their preaching were manifested by the number of penitents who flocked to confession, which, during the second week of the mission, increased to such an extent as to render access difficult. The missionaries, unable to meet the wishes of all at once, gave an obvious preference, not to the more habitually devout, but to those classes of persons whose attendance was most unexpected. ‘Dissipated young coxcombs, disabled soldiers, dragoon officers with fierce mustaches, and worldly-wise men with formal wigs,’ says our author, ‘met with attention and encouragement, to the exclusion of those whose habits of piety deserved it better.’ The apparent injustice of this procedure he excuses by the plea, ‘that it was necessary to quit the regular fold in order to recover these lost sheep’—that, ‘the stouter and better worth catching the fish were, the more anxious should they be to secure them in the net of the Prince of Apostles.’ When separated from the figurative bombast by which a Frenchman frequently obscures a sensible

reason, this plea seems fair enough: provided that the motives of the missionaries were unmixed with spiritual vanity, and the pride of creating a strong sensation.—It was no doubt most consonant to the purposes of a special mission like this, to accomplish that which was most difficult, and to make an impression, while the opportunity lasted, on a class of persons least accessible to the usual means of religious instruction. The example of such, if permanently reclaimed, would naturally be more striking than that of others, and influence public opinion more strongly; and this may furnish some excuse for a conduct which, in the ordinary course of things, would have been unjust and out of place.'

* * * *

'To the practical effects of the mission, the writer bears the following testimony.— "Prudence restricts us from naming individuals; and yet we can vouch that many husbands separated from their wives and living in concubinage, have put away their mistresses and re-established their legitimate wives in their houses. After the revolutionary horrors which have afflicted our city, there existed inveterate hatreds and animosities, founded on real offences. Well! union and concord have removed many of these intestine divisions, many deadly enmities have been laid at rest, many resentments have been stifled; great numbers of enemies have made the sacrifice of all their revengeful feelings. A citizen, round whose neck one of the revolutionary hangmen had actually fixed the noose for the fatal suspension, perceived his executioner in a state of penitence during the mission, and approaching the communion table—'I congratulate you,' said he, 'on your reformation, and I pardon your offences against me, as I would God may grant me his pardon and peace.' The porters of the Rhone, who had been long at variance, have been many of them cordially reconciled: the invalids of the national guard have also mutually vowed a perpetual friendship."

(To be concluded in our next.)



The Man of the World's Dictionary.

12mo. London, 1822.

THIS is a close translation of a very amusing little work in French, intitled 'Dictionnaire des Gens du Monde.' Some of the satirical explanations lose their point in the translation; and others, being of a local nature, would have been as well omitted; but, on the whole, it is a very clever little work, and contains a number of smart things. We select a few of the author's definitions:—

'ABORTION. The poems of certain persons; the theatrical pieces of many others; the projects of those conquerors who dream of universal monarchy; the designs of those good folks who would have the people enjoy no more freedom than a herd

of cattle. How many things miscarry in this world!'

'BACON says, speaking of discoveries that remain without results, because they are not developed by favourable circumstances, "that we are far from knowing all the children of time, and still further from knowing all his abortions."

'ABUSE. A word often abused. To put an end to abuses,—to remedy abuses, in the mouths of certain persons, is equivalent to "Your place would just suit me,"—or, "Give me a place." A leprosy in the body of the administration, which is constantly increasing under the hands of quacks pretending to cure it.'

'ALLIES. An honest foreigner once said to a Frenchman—"I'm in your house as an ally; when shall I be permitted to come as a friend?"'

'AMATEUR. A man who is neither poet, painter, nor orator; but who, nevertheless, reads verses, judges pictures, and never misses an academic sitting.'

'ANNALS. Catalogues of crimes, in which tyrants seek for examples, poets for tragedies, and petty authors for melodramas.'

'AUTHOR. An undefinable being, who would rule the world, though he cannot govern himself; who lives on smoke, and daily offers himself for sale.'

'ARTISAN. A bee of society, despised by the drones who feed on the fruits of his labour.'

'BIOGRAPHY OF LIVING CHARACTERS. A speculation on misfortune. A kind of assassination, to which no punishment has yet been attached. "A new poison," said Voltaire, "has, within these few years, been invented in low literature—the art of outraging both the living and the dead in alphabetical order."

'BOOKSELLER. A man who lives on the sense and wit of others; a speculator on the curiosity, but more frequently on the stupidity of the public. It may be said of an ignorant bookseller, that he lives amongst his books like an eunuch in the midst of a seraglio.'

'CARICATURES. The epigrams of painting.'

'COMPILER. A literary old-clothes' man.'

'CONSTITUTION. The fundamental law of a state. Homage done to the rights of a people. An umbrella put up when it rains, and taken down in fine weather. The best constitution is that which is the best observed.'

'COURT. A theatre of the passions, where policy is an almost constant performer, and sincerity plays only an occasional part, which can be very well dispensed with; where cabal, cajolery, and cunning ruin all, direct all, and become the vehicles of advancement; where the virtues and the vices are continually clashing; where the most successful are frequently those who the least deserve to be so; where the entrance is brilliant, but the outlet disagreeable.'

'DRUM. A correct image of many persons. It is covered with an ass's skin, and

you can get something out of it only by striking it.'

'EATING. An imperious want, which, if not satisfied in the poorer classes of society, produces murmurs and revolt. There are many who eat, in order to live; there are some, also, who live to eat. The great point with the latter is to eat hot, inuch, and a long time.'

'FRIENDS. The wicked have only accomplices; the voluptuous have companions in their debaucheries; the interested have associates; politicians draw round them the factious; the indolent have connections; princes have courtiers; good men alone have friends.'

'HONOUR. A term whose meaning is singularly comprehensive, including both virtue and infamy. It signifies every thing, and it signifies nothing. We solicit the honour of dying for our country. We have had the honour of killing our best friend in a duel. We have the honour of reckoning among our ancestors a confessor of Louis XI., a mistress of Francis I., or a favourite of Henry III. We have the honour of saluting a scoundrel, of making an observation to a fool, or of writing to an idiot.'

'Honour is a word without a plural: for you must be particularly careful not to confound it with honours, which mean quite another thing. Such a one has many honours, though he has not a tittle of honour.'

'The honour of men and that of women are two plants of quite different species: the former thrives in the sun; the latter flourishes only in the shade.'

'MONITEUR. The board to which the successive governments of France have affixed their placards.'

'MONOPOLIST. One who speculates on public calamity. We say a monopolist of corn—a monopolist of places—of pensions—of contracts—and even a monopolist of wit.'

'MUTUAL INSTRUCTION. Moral vaccination.'

'POETRY. Speaking music, as music is singing poetry; since every verse supposes some tune, and every tune requires or supposes some words.'

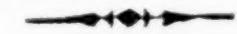
'POVERTY. Hell upon earth. "Poverty is not a vice," was said to some poor wretch. "Alas! no," replied he, "it is much worse."

'VACCINATION. The safe-guard of beauty. The counterpoise of conquests. A discovery which preserves as many lives as war destroys.'

'WIFE. A woman who has promised obedience, but always contrives to make herself obeyed.'

'YOUTH. The age of a man till he is twenty, and a woman till she is fifty.'

There are a few Joe Millers, and some illiberal reflections in this little work, but it has merit enough to recommend it to pretty general notice.'



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An Address to the People of England in the Cause of the Greeks, occasioned by the late inhuman Massacres in the Isle of Scio, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1822.

WE are happy to see the cause of the Greeks, to which European nations have shewn so senseless and so shameful an apathy, taken up by so able a pen as that of Mr. Hughes. This gentleman is the author of one of the most interesting volumes of travels that has appeared for many years, and of which we gave an ample notice in *The Literary Chronicle* for 1820. From having passed some time in Greece and Albania, Mr. Hughes witnessed the degraded bondage to which the Greeks were reduced by their inhuman masters, and he fully described it in the work to which we have alluded. The extirpation of a whole people at Scio has, however, called him forth in behalf of the suffering Greeks, whose cause he pleads with all the force of zeal and sincerity. He says, the character of England, which once stood so pre-eminent among all nations for generous sympathy towards the unfortunate and oppressed, has become an object of disgust and detestation to the Greeks, who, in the commencement of their struggle, looked up to us as the natural averters of misery and patrons of humanity. He shews that the policy to endeavour to support such an empire as that of Turkey is weak and vain, unless it were possible to effect an entire change in the moral habits and religious principles of the people. It is not, however, to the government, but to the British nation that he appeals to rescue the country of a Socrates, a Miltiades, and a Leonidas from the grasp of a horde of barbarians. Speaking of the Greeks, from his own observation, he says:—

'I have seen the pallid countenances and squalid forms of their wretched peasantry, worn to the very bones by labour, want, and oppression—I have seen blows inflicted by wanton authority, and borne with patient submission—I have seen those, who, by commercial or any other fortunate speculations, had amassed wealth, either careful to hide it from their rapacious tyrants under the external garb of misery, or dissipating it in prodigality, in order that they might secure a few moments of happiness, and then live upon the recollection of the past—I have seen rich and amiable families turned out of houses and possessions, at the caprice of a pasha, who desired them for his favourites—I have seen whole districts so appropriated, after the inhabitants had been exposed to unheard-of persecutions, in order to make them

voluntarily throw up their territory into the hands of a tyrant—I have rode over the ruins of large villages, scathed by the flames of destruction, because some reputable family had refused to deliver up a beautiful son or daughter, as the victim of that tyrant's execrable lusts—I have seen part of the Turkish population, in a large city, armed against its Frank inhabitants, cutting and maiming with swords and attaghans every Christian they met with, on account of a private quarrel—I have seen large towns, professing the Mahometan faith, whose inhabitants had all to a man apostatized from that of their forefathers, to escape the inordinate exactions and oppressive cruelties to which, as Christians, they were subjected—I have seen rich tracts of country turned into deserts, fields languishing without culture, and cities fallen into decay, where misrule and injustice had combined with plague and famine against the constitution of society; and, as public immorality flourishes most and grows up to maturity under the reign of despotism, I have seen apostates, false witnesses, secret poisoners, open assassins, and all the other agents of unlimited tyranny, clothed in the spoils and rioting on the property of their unhappy victims. In short, I have seen a nation humbled, degraded, and abused; I have seen man, made in his Maker's likeness, reduced below the standard of the brute creation, living without civil or political existence, plundered without remorse, tortured without mercy, and slaughtered without commiseration!'

After shewing that every principle of honour, justice, and policy, demands that the Greeks should be rescued from their present thraldom, he thus forcibly concludes his Address; referring to the late sanguinary massacre at Scio:

'Reader, to this happy isle [Scio], adorned by the lavish hand of nature, blessed with peculiar privileges, free from the very presence of Ottoman barbarians, and subject to the mild government of its own elders, the richest and best educated Greek merchants or other proprietors used to retire, that, after having enjoyed in peace the fruits of patient industry, they might sink to rest in the country of their forefathers, and in the bosom of their families. The manners of the Sciot females were considered as elegant, and their souls as soft, as their features were lovely and expressive; the beauty of a Helen and the majesty of an Andromache, might have been observed among them at those festivals, when they were accustomed to realize the enchanting scenes described by ancient poets; when the aged folks lay reclined upon the enamelled turf, or under the shade of the over-spreading plane-tree, to see their children, decked in garlands, lead the graceful dance and chase the retreating waves upon the shore, or welcome with their joyful songs the return of spring or the gathering of the purple vintage. Where are ye now, ye fair-

est flowers of Homer's rocky isle? plucked up and withered! gone into slavery worse than death, if death could be ten times repeated! sold, after the most horrible pollution, at a price less than cattle in a market to Asiatic barbarians and to African Moors. Gracious God! a tenth part of these atrocities in an unenlightened age, would have aroused all the gallant spirits of Christendom to avenge their wrongs! and shall we not only sit by tamely, whilst they are perpetrated, but suffer them to be extended, as far as in us lies, to future generations and the most distant ages?

' Reader, if you be a brother, a husband, or a father, I call upon you by those sacred ties of nature, I call upon you in the name of woman, of her who exalts our joys and soothes our sorrows, of her whose weakness is her greatest power, of her who is the protectress of our infancy, the inspirer of our youth, the companion of our manhood, and the consoler of our age; if you desire your own island still to remain, as it hitherto has been, a sacred temple, on whose altar Virtue herself offers up the pure incense of congenial souls, I call upon you to discard your apathy, to exert your efforts in the sacred cause of liberty and religion, and preserve your fellow-creatures from worse evils than the exterminating sword of ruthless savages.'

' And you, the advocates of philanthropy in our senate, who have so oft proclaimed the sorrows and vindicated the rights of suffering humanity, who have extended the arm of power to the relief of the captive African, why are ye now silent? I would be the last person to suppress generous feelings for human misery under any shape; but what are the pains of hunger, of captivity, or of death itself,—what are the sufferings of the Indian slave or Irish peasant, compared with those horrors which overwhelm the wretched daughters of unfortunate Greece? Speak out, therefore in this cause, or boast no more your philanthropic sentiments! By those virtues that distinguished our brave ancestors—by the blessings of civil and religious liberty, which we ourselves enjoy—by that sacred ensign, the cross of our Redeemer, which is degraded and despised—by Him who died upon that cross, and taught us in our prayers to address his father as our father—and by that paternal God, who may possibly permit these evils to exist, for this, amongst other inscrutable reasons, that they may excite in us a spirit worthy of our high calling, speak out that our national honour be not further compromised, and the stain of everlasting disgrace stamped upon our annals. Ye must know the cause which is now at stake—ye know that the struggle is between oppression, tyranny, and injustice, arranged against humanity, civilization, and Christianity. If the former succeed, the Grecian name will, in all probability, be blotted out from the list of nations; for the implacable infidels have sworn its extirpation: and, if Christian kings and po-

tentates should resolve that the Greeks ought still to be kept under the iron rod of their Ottoman lords, I should only follow the Christian precept, of doing for others as I would they should do for me, if I prayed for their extirpation.'

Powerful as this appeal is, and obvious enough as is the justice of the case, we have no hopes in our government or in any government aiding the cause on the score of either honour or justice; but the people may do much, and if a liberal subscription were entered into to assist the Greeks, who want money and arms, not men, we should not despair of their ultimate triumph.

Remarks touching Geography, especially that of the British Isles. By Mela Britannicus. 8vo. pp. 79. London, 1822.

AGREEING, as we do, with Mela Britannicus, that of all the appurtenances of geography, few are more conducive to its dignity than a correct nomenclature, we join him in the wish that the names 'should correspond in some measure with the majesty of nature, and that trivial and vulgar titles should not be conferred on places which are not only destined to be engraved on our globes and charts, but probably to become the themes of the historiographer and poet.'

The author takes a brief but able view of the geography and of the geographical nomenclature of the ancients; he also notices the modern names of places in the east: the modern nomenclature of Persia, he says, has something agreeable and poetic to the ear; that of Hindostan, is sonorous and expressive; that of the Americans, nobler and more indigenous than the Turkish geographical names, these being often but corruptions of the Greek, are among the least striking of the oriental nations. The divisions of China, he says, are not bad; but, of all languages, the Chinese is the worst adapted to shed dignity on geography, history, and poetry.

The Grecian nomenclature bears that stamp of superiority which characterises the Greeks, to whatsoever department of science and art they directed their minds, while the geographical titles of the Roman republic betray the severe character of the people which they designate.

Such is the way in which the able and ingenious author characterises the nomenclature of the ancient and eastern world; we will now come nearer home and to more modern times, of which he gives the following character.

The names of modern Italy partake of that harmony which forms the leading feature of the most musical dialect of Europe. The frequent repetitions of ecclesiastical names are the great defect of the Italian nomenclature; for that desire of deifying not only mortals, but cities, mountains, and rivers, is so inherent in the Vatican, that we often see the same saint extending his too zealous patronage to a dozen different places, for the edification indeed of those who are not of this world, but for the perplexity of those who attend to geography in this. The nomenclature of the Germans, like the habits of the people, was uncouth, and this is the case with the geographical titles of modern Germany. The Russian nomenclature our author conceives to be the best of the northern nations. The Swedish nomenclature partakes of the uncouthness of the German, but there are some names that have a classic elegance, such as Upsala and Delecarlia.

No nomenclatures are better than the modern Spaniards; and though the divisions of the provinces are often unsatisfactory, few can have visited that country without feasting their minds with numerous recollections of its antique grandeur. The geographical names of the Portuguese are not so good as those of Spain. The nomenclature of modern France is generally elegant and expressive.

With regard to the New World, the indigenous nomenclature is generally grand and expressive; but the migration of settlers from so many countries of the old world, and their 'heedless repetition of European names, often, too, of an absurd and vulgar cast,' render the nomenclature of the United States one of the worst in the world:—

'Never,' says our author, 'was such an Olla Podrida dished up for geographers; for a stranger travelling there, may breakfast at Rochester, dine at the national village of Canandagua, and think of Hannibal at Carthage, by the great falls of the Genessee. He will presently encounter new Huntingdons, Versailles, and Greenwiches; he may discuss the merits of the Iliad with Melesigenes himself at Homer; he may sip tea, or enter a steam-boat, with the Mantuan bard at Virgil; quaff grog with Cincinnatus, at the great farm which he has lately laid out on the Ohio; and finally give Calvin and Wesley a fraternal embrace, and bid adieu to Pyrro, at a Pseudo-Bethlehem and Pseudo-Nazareth. The chief drawback from the merit of that fine expedition to the sources of the Missouri, is the contemptible nomenclature which the travellers carried out with them; and the future Popes of those regions will, it is to be

feared, be but ill-inspired by the Naiads of the *Big* and *Little Dry* rivers.'

Having now given, and that in the words of the author generally, the peculiar characteristics of the various geographical nomenclatures, we find we have exhausted all the room we intended to devote to this review. We must, however, observe, that the author recommends, in naming any place, to make the name somewhat expressive or characteristic, and, above all, to avoid repetitions.

The geography of the British isles forms the second part of this little volume. The British geographical nomenclature our author ranks low, not only in expression but also in clearness of arrangement. The Irish is not better; but the Scotch, though somewhat drawing, is superior to either; and now we come to the grand plan of the author,—that of reforming the geographical division and nomenclature of the British isles, in which he proposes to observe as nearly as possible the following regulations:—

'1. To abide, as nearly as any considerable change will allow, by the actual divisions of the counties.

'2. To adopt, as frequently as the aggregate of considerations will permit, rivers to mark the boundaries of the departments.

'3. To name the departments from rivers generally; occasionally from some other striking feature of nature.

'4. To propose, though rarely, some more populous town as the capital, the seat of the assizes, and principal functionaries.

'5. To diminish or increase the size of a department, according to the greater or less drift of population, commerce, &c.

'6. To shock as little as possible established ideas, by alteration of names, which will, however, be sometimes done in the case of secondary rivers, found in title to be the duplicates of others more notorious.'

The plan is to divide England into departments like France, as the department of the Lower Thames, the Thames, the Medway, the East Downs, &c. We will not follow the author into the details, which are very clearly explained in the letter-press and by the two charts which accompany the work, which is one of considerable ingenuity, though we much question the policy of such a geographical revolution as he contemplates.

Indeed, however desirable it might be in some respects, the changing of the names and altering the geographical divisions of a country, must be attended with almost insuperable difficulties, and only perhaps to be effected as it was in France, by a revolution.

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The University and City of Oxford, displayed in a Series of Seventy-Two Views, drawn and engraved by J. and H. S. Storer. Accompanied with a Dialogue after the Manner of Castiglione. By Rowley Lascelles, Esq. 8vo. London, 1821.

As the principal merit of this work lays in its graphic embellishments, it would, perhaps, have come more properly under the Fine Arts; but we prefer bringing it in our literary review, in order to give some account of Oxford as recorded in the text of Mr. Rowley Lascelles.

In another part of the present number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we have reviewed a work by the same eminent artists to whom we are indebted for the present volume; indeed, we have often admired, and on a former occasion, noticed the talents of the Messrs. Storer, who have furnished the seventy-two interesting views in this volume; in their landscapes there is a richness and a luxuriance of nature peculiarly striking; with a correctness of perspective and an attention to light and shade, which are the beauties of art. In architectural subjects they are not less happy; and hence the views in this work are valuable, whether considered as specimens of art, or for the fidelity with which they represent the most striking objects connected with the university and city of Oxford.

Of the whole of these engravings we can speak in terms of unalloyed praise, but not so of the accompanying description, although our objection is rather to the manner than to the matter. Mr. Lascelles, in a 'Proemium,' as he somewhat affectedly calls the preface or introduction to the work, seems half conscious that a dialogue is not the best form for a work of this sort, if we may judge from the pains he takes to shew its advantages. That a dialogue may have the advantage of being didactic, without being either dogmatical or sceptical, and that it may have uniformity of design with variety of sentiment and character, we will admit; and so may simple narrative; and had Mr. Lascelles confined himself to this, he would have shortened his labour one half, and been much more intelligible. In a dialogue, says Mr. Lascelles, the writer is not responsible 'for the opinions of the persons who take a part therein, further than it is at his peril if he notices and sets down any thing that is at variance with plain sense, with manly liberal feeling, with the

duties of a good Christian, or of a real lover of his country and the laws.' Now this is all common-place, and very much out of place, for what patriotism or christianity has to do with writing a description of Oxford, in which facts, and facts alone and not opinions, are wanted, we really know not. One remark more, and we dismiss these three pages of 'proemium,' written for the purpose of telling the reader what every body knows, namely, that a dialogue is a conversation between two or more persons. In the title-page it is said the dialogue is 'after the manner of Castiglione,' but, in the 'proemium,' he tells us, that in selecting Castiglione for his model, he does not profess to 'copy his manner of writing, or to imitate him any further than by making the other sex also a part of the company, and sharing in the conversation.' On this ground he certainly might as well have said it was after the manner of Shakespear's tragedies, the Beggar's Opera, or Tom Thumb.

The characters of the Dialogue are five; to which the author adds 'Yorick, Mute, and Scribe,' meaning, no doubt, himself. 'Alas poor Yorick,'—but here we must stop, for this Yorick is not 'a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy.' We have already said that our objection is to the form of dialogue; and we are free to confess that the author, in his description, displays considerable research, and that there is occasionally something pleasing in his mode of description, when it is not broken in upon by an interlocutory remark. We shall now select a few passages. In the account of University College we are told—

"A great benefactor to this College was Walter Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham; though, probably," says Chalmers, "in a still more considerable degree to other places. Besides the erection of several bridges and gateways, the repairs also of churches in his diocese, he built, at his own expence, a great part of the tower of York Minster, usually called the lantern. He founded a chantry, besides, in that church; erected part of the beautiful cloister of Durham; and a chapel from his name, at some parish in Holderness." —In 1403 he gave a manor to this College, and presented some valuable MSS. to the library. "He was born at Skirlaw, in Yorkshire; and, it is said, eloped from his father's house when a boy. He gained access to the University, and applied so assiduously to learning, and formed such connexions, that he passed successively through several sees to that of Durham. It is added, his parents remained ignorant of his situation till he was bishop of the latter diocese; when he revealed himself

and conducted to the comfort of their declining years."

The account of Balliol College commences with a brief anedotal dissertation on epitaphs, which is worth quoting:

"I never was more disgusted with the fulsome ness of monumental inscriptions, and the adulatory spirit towards public benefactors, than in the epitaph of Fisher, at this college. This epitaph is short, a very unusual thing in modern times; the fault in it, therefore, is the more inexcusable. Yet the authors of it have contrived, in the space of four words only, to commit still a breach of decorum, and a profanation of the titles of the dead, the only possession left to them. Fisher had been asked by some toad-eater what inscription he would have on his tomb. In a surly and peremptory tone, being a rough man, he roared out—"Fisher," adding, in Latin, "not a word more." This, in the sense he meant it, and in his lips, was simple and noble. But think of their literally inscribing the words, VERBUM NON AMPLIUS, FISHER, on his monument! The guides, one after another, repeat this *bêtise* as a very fine thing.

The Mertonians, in a monument to Sir Henry Saville, at Rochester, have expressed not only his merit, but their own disinterested gratitude to a benefactor. This is as it should be; it must be pleasing, on every account, to a good mind. But the inscription is as long as one of the king's speeches, at least, on opening Parliament. Mr. Fox pronounced a laboured eulogy, in the House of Commons, to the memory of the late Bishop of Downe; but what spirit of *double adulation* could possess the common friends of both to inscribe every word of it, long enough for a debate, on his tomb!

A very eloquent writer has noticed, by way of contrast to this bloated taste, the simple epitaph of the effeminate Sardanapalus, inscribed, by his own directions, on his tomb:

"I built two large cities of Asia in one day; and all that remains of me, is in this narrow tomb."

This, it must be admitted, is wandering a little from the subject; but the author goes much further from it in the next page, when he gives us a discussion on the Catholic claims; but, as the author tells us in his proemium that he is not responsible for the opinions of the persons who take a part in the dialogue, we cannot accuse him of wanting that 'manly liberal feeling' he declares to be so essential, when horror is expressed at the idea of the Roman Catholics being emancipated: we may, however, fairly accuse him, when he inserts such a foul attack on Dr. Adam Smith as the following, in his account of Balliol College. He calls him 'a sceptic in political economy, as in every thing else,' and adds,—

'He was a maker of systems; a trade, by the bye, he learned in France, from whence he brought his tools and materials. Being undoubtedly a man of talent, he set about *doing his best* to overturn our universities and church, as well as our political economy, our public education, trade, agriculture, colonies, and very parliament—in short, he was nationally hostile to whatever was English. This was the return he made to Oxford for receiving him as exhibitioner from Glasgow. For there are exhibitions here to scholars of the Scottish nation, "that there might never be wanting in Scotland some to support the ecclesiastical establishment of England;" these are the very words of the donor.'

We had been hunting for some general account of the University, and, on reaching page 119, 'Origin and Progress of the University,' in Roman capitals, at the head of the page, caught our eye; now, thought we, here we have it; when, lo and behold, to our astonishment, we found that the half dozen pages of which this brief history consists, are copied *verbatim* from Rees's Cyclopædia. Thus disappointed of original facts, we set off a wild-goose chase, we confess, after the author's opinions, and at length we came to 'True Orthodoxy in Church and State;' but here we were as much disappointed as ever, for we found the persons of the dialogue discussing the merits of the Holy Alliance. This is really too bad, to think that the cunning chiel Alexander should insinuate himself and his Holy Alliance into a dialogue upon Oxford. After such a disappointment, we could with difficulty go through the remaining thirty pages, which, however, we are happy to say, we have at last accomplished, and must acknowledge that there is nothing in Mr. Lascelles's dialogue like the leaving of it.

In conclusion, we must observe, that this dialogue has not the slightest reference to the beautiful engravings of Mr. Storer; this we consider a fortunate circumstance, since it will enable these eminent artists to separate the gold from the dross with which it is encumbered; and to give the fruits of their labours to the world under more favourable auspices than with the dialogue of Mr. Rowley Lascelles, of whom we now take a very respectful leave.

Original Communications.

MR. EMERY.

OF all the actors of the present day, none had a higher or a more legitimate reputation than Mr. Emery; and in the

particular walk of the drama which he had selected, he stood as unrivalled as Cooke, Kemble, or Kean; indeed, we think it more than probable that we shall see many persons well qualified to sustain the highest rank in the tragic drama before we meet with an individual exhibiting that depth of feeling and that comic humour which were combined in this truly eminent actor, whose death has left a blank in the *dramatis personæ* of the stage.

Mr. John Emery, who was of Thespian origin, was the son of a provincial performer of considerable repute, and born at Sunderland, in the county of Durham, December 22, 1777. He received the first rudiments of his education at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he discovered a very early predilection for music and drawing. His rapid proficiency in the former was remarkable when he was still very young; while the efforts of his pencil have been considered as evincing more than ordinary talent. At the age of twelve he belonged to the orchestra at the Brighton Theatre; but aspiring to the stage, he abandoned the violin for the notes of dramatic applause, which he obtained in his first appearance in *Crazy (Peeping Tom)*; and having been equally successful in other companies with respect to fame, not emolument, he was engaged by the York manager, where, though only fifteen years of age, he acquired so much reputation in the characters of *old men*, that, in 1797, when only in his twentieth year, he obtained an engagement from Mr. Harris, for the term of three years, at an eligible salary. He made his first appearances, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Frank Oatland, in Mr. Morton's 'Cure for the Heart Ache,' and Lovegold, in 'The Miser.' Mr. Harris found no cause to regret the contract which he had made. Emery exceeded the expectations raised by his provincial popularity; for he sustained two personifications, apparently incompatible, with almost equal nature and effect. He was not the performer, but the character. His Frank Oatland was his chief fame: it was not an imitation, but an enactment; not art, but life. Here he at once displayed his perfect knowledge of country habits, feelings, and manners; and here his vernacular dialect, which sometimes militated against his perfection in other points, gave him a decided superiority over his histrionic contemporaries.

To enumerate all the parts which this performer has represented, season after

season, as the actor of rustics, would be to write a catalogue of the chief plays which have been produced by the writers of the present day. It would be injustice to him, however, to omit noticing his Farmer Ashfield, in 'Speed the Plough,' where the genius of the actor of Frank Oatland became eminently conspicuous. His John Lump, in 'The Review,' his Sam, in 'Raising the Wind,' and his Dan, in 'John Bull,' rank, in this line, among the most deservedly celebrated of his performances.

Stephen Harrowby, in the younger Colman's 'Poor Gentleman,' though a character of little importance in itself relatively contemplated, was, in the hands of Mr. Emery, a most prominent part of the play. Stephen, a simple rustic, coming in contact with Corporal Foss, who, together with Lieutenant Worthington (the Poor Gentleman) and his small family, accidentally lodge at his father's farm-house, finds himself suddenly animated with the military propensity; which, operating upon the simplicities of his disposition, urges him to commit various laughable errors; and, eager to emulate the corporal, he is plunged into a series of ridiculous distresses. With his short frock, his hair floured, the corporal's spatterdashes, and the carter's whip in lieu of a musket, Stephen goes 'upon drill'; he also practises and makes ready, in his father's bean field, and, while the corporal cries 'fire,' he shoots the carrion crows 'as do the mischief.' All his evolutions, however, are not equally safe. His whip shouldered, while he is marching 'near foot foremost,' to the tune of the British grenadiers, with his horses in tow, and his 'head up as straight as a hop pole,' poor Stephen's 'blind Argus' and 'lean Jolly' drag his cart into a slough! Nor does mishap end here. Anxious to become practically acquainted with the system of mining, which the corporal had somewhat explained to him, Stephen lays his mine, and succeeds in blowing up his father's pig-stye! These are scenes which require the most perfect combination of shrewdness and simplicities, on the part of the performer who represents them; Emery accomplished all that could be wished. The avidity with which rusticity endeavours to acquire the military deportment, the shifts to which it resorts, and the self-importance which such acquisition inspires, were finely portrayed by this performer. His glance at Corporal Foss, when, after the entry of apo-

thecary Ollapod, who is made one of the volunteer cornets, he exclaimed, 'I don't like to march wi' you, Mr. Ollapod; you are no regular! Dang me, if I budge wi' him, corporal, without your word of command,' was inexpressibly significant.

But, of all the characters in which Emery appeared, his *Tyke*, in the 'School for Reform,' was the best: it was unique, and leaving every thing else at an immeasurable distance, was universally allowed to be the most perfect representation on the stage. In another character, somewhat similar, Giles, in the 'Miller's Maid,' produced, last season, at the English Opera House, he was equally successful. We might enumerate his other characters in some recent plays; but these did not exhibit him in any new point of view, and were often beneath his talents. With regard to Mr. Emery as an actor, every one who has been a frequenter of the theatre, is well aware of his superior talent. In his own immediate line of acting, indeed, viz. the *Yorkshire rustic*—the stage, it is universally allowed, never produced his equal. To his duty in his profession, he was ever most strictly attentive; so much so, that, when dining in public, or in the society of his friends, and the time drew near which required his attendance at the theatre, his watch was invariably placed upon the table; and he was never known, during the whole course of his engagement at Covent Garden, to disappoint the public but *once*—and that was from the circumstance of the *accouchement* of his wife. His natural and unsophisticated apology to the audience on that occasion, cannot fail to be very generally remembered.

This truly excellent performer, who was engaged at the English Opera House, was taken ill at the commencement of the season, and, after an illness of about three weeks, breathed his last on Thursday morning, the 25th of July; leaving a wife, an aged mother, and seven young children, destitute of every thing but a strong claim on the public benevolence. His professional friends have come forward with the utmost alacrity, to open a subscription for them, and a meeting was called somewhat too hastily on Monday last, in the saloon of the English Opera House, at which Mr. G. Robins presided, and stated the object which had called them together.

Mr. Arnold had offered on any night when the benefit might take place, to shut up his house, and give them, in

aid of the performance, the whole of his company. It was only necessary for him to invite those present, who were prepared to subscribe, to favour him with their names.

Most of the gentlemen then advanced to the table for the purpose of subscribing. In addition to other subscriptions which the chairman enumerated, Mr. Robins named 10l. as his own.

The names of the committee were then read over. It included the present chairman, Mr. Ironmonger, Mr. T. Dibdin, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Egerton, and Mr. Broadhurst.

A considerable sum was immediately contributed, but the shortness of the notice prevented the attendance from being as full as could have been wished.

We have since learned that upwards of 500l. has been already subscribed; that Mr. Arnold offered the use of his theatre, if a larger could not be immediately got; but that the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre offered the use of their's, when Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket Theatre, who contributed, offered the services of such of his performers as were *not wanted* that evening. Mr. Bochsa, also, in addition to a liberal subscription, made a tender of his estimable talents. Eventually the benefit was fixed for Monday next: and we trust that it will be such as will evince the public approval of extraordinary talents, when combined with social virtues, and, by rescuing a deserving family from poverty, show the poor actor that a good name is a good inheritance.

His remains were interred, on Thursday, at St. Andrews, Holborn.

We cannot, perhaps, better close our brief memoir of this excellent performer, than by the following tribute to his talents, by the author of the 'Theatrical Portraits,' a work which we favourably noticed in our last:—

MR. EMERY.

'*Viola.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?'

Fabian. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof.'—*Twelfth Night*, act 3, sc. 4.

'Th' unpolish'd diamond is truly known
By those who prize not outward show alone;
Who judge not at a glance, but wisely deem
That darkest clouds may hide the brightest
beam.'

Who gaze thro' nature's rude and rugged dress,
And view her charms of half-veil'd loveliness:
To these I speak, who, by research, can find
Informis rudibus, the noble mind;

And think, with me, that nuts with rough externals,
Oft-times contain the most delicious kernels.

'But, soft! methinks I'm wandering from my sphere,—
So, come my hearty, "York, you're wanted here."

Who would suspect, when Emery draws nigh,
With globe-like visage and a saucer eye,
That 'neath that coarse exterior could be
Such humour, join'd to sensibility?
The first, let Colman's martial Plough-boy
show,
Or Shakspeare's *Toby*, "Chevalier et Sot;"
Like many a worthy, who has held the rule,
Whom majesty dabb'd knight, whom nature
had dabb'd fool.

'The last, let *Tyke*, the felon *Tyke* proclaim,
Harden'd in crime, and lost to virtuous shame.
There can we trace frail nature in her course,
From play to crime, from anguish to remorse;
Until, at length, Repentance pours her balm
Upon the wounded heart, and all again is calm.
Where is the actor, where is one who can
Enact like thee, the "ancient gentleman,"
Who gives up riddles, and who chaunts a stave,
Who jests with *Hamlet*, and then digs a grave?

'But why recount each individual part,
In which he moves the fancy or the heart?
Why dwell on beauties, clear as daylight's eye,
When gazing thro' the greily-dappled sky?
He ne'er o'ersteps the line that nature draws,
Nor sinks his judgment to the mob's applause.
He strays not thro' buffoon'ry's slipp'ry ways,
But holds the surer nobler road to praise.
Be ever thus; and let the public tell
How you've "play'd many parts," and play'd
them well.'

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS: EXTRAORDINARY.

OUR friend 'Screw,' from *Cork*, is a funny rogue. We fear he has been too closely attached to the bottle of late.

'Truth' is false.

To the quære of our correspondent 'N,' we beg to answer *O*!

Raphael's 'Portraits' are sad villainous daubs.

The 'Sonnet,' by R. Ashe, won't do; may we take T with R. Ashe?

We must apologize for having lost a Fox's *tale*; we will brush up our memory about it, however.

The 'Essay on Music' is all fiddle-de-dee.

Mr. Brazier seems to be a man of mettle.

J. Blunt is much too sharp for us.

'Wisdom' is not to our mind.

A. L. C. will not suit the L. C.

M. made us pay two-pence for his letter; he shall have it again for a penny.

We had believed that *Hares* were only mad in March: alas! we find one raving in July.

Our good friend *Cooke* appears to be roasting us; he deserves a good basting for his pains.

P. Mules is *half an ass*.

* 'Your grave-digger is your only ancient gentleman.'—*Hamlet*.

Some 'Remarks on Bad Propensities' are very good.

X. gives us some luminous observations on the superiority of gas to candle-light; we don't care a rush for either.

B. Smith is so dirty in his abuse, that we conclude him to be a blacksmith.

Bobby is a booby.

H. H. is informed that we never made 'a critic on Miss Tree' in our lives,—this is no branch of our professional duty; if he means a critique, that is quite another matter.

M. A. Fry deserves a grilling.

Mrs. Scott is too far north of her subject.

We shake our head at P.

Y. asks us if he shall send us any more of his effusions? Ah, why?

The reproof to the Ettrick Shepherd is truly hoggish; there must be some cause, we trow, for all this grunting, but we wash our hands of it.

Our constant reader, Steele, when next he's guilty of a rhyme, had better get a flint; fire is the certain effect of the collision, and he needs it.

Tom's 'reasons' are not worth a fig. We pull E.'s nose.

The ideas of H. P. B. are very fine, much too fine for us.

Miss Price only asks insertion for her lines—dear creature, she is too high for us.

The 'Sorrows' of R. are quite insupportable; we pity him much.

The 'Elegy on her I loved' is quite refreshing; we slept, at least, three hours and a quarter over it.

Mr. Taylor has sent us some Poetry on Spain a yard long; the measure is good, but we don't like cabbage.

Mr. Hunt, of Exeter, is quite at fault; we will thank him to make game elsewhere.

Tray reminds us of our promise,—the deuce take Tray.

Cato is the greatest blockhead we ever knew.

The 'Tale of a Pig' is very decent indeed; pig-tail is not to be sneezed at.

N. N. sends us some 'Poems' of his brother Tom's, and tells us that he hopes, one day or other, to see Tom crowned with the bays; we hope so too. If Tom's in a hurry, however, perhaps green baize would be the most easily obtained. There's a spurious kind of bailiff tho', that Tom should mind; let him look to it.

The long-winded song of 'The Sea, Sirs' suggests its own antidote,—the scissors.

L. threatens us with vengeance; L. may go to the d—l.

We beg to assure the writer of the sonnet to the 'pale and marble moon,' that the moon is not marble, as he erroneously supposes, but a Cheshire cheese.

An unknown gentleman wishes to know if 'a short article on Agricultural produce' would suit us? it would, and as a is the shortest article we know, that might answer our purpose; we are apt to think, however, he's a rogue in grain.

What have we done to deserve so many verses from Q.? This infliction is quite insupportable.

Crastus tells us he should be very grateful if we would put his paper in our paper; Crastus seems to be a very great fool without it.

Jane Flower seems a promising blossom, but the fruit is not yet quite ripe.

F. mentions a strange story about Lord Byron's new tragedy; we think it must be all a farce.

The effusion of Maria seems to be a bankrupt concern; it was gazetted a twelvemonth ago, we are sure.

Satrap wishes us to read his new Poem, because we read his last; it is for that very reason that we decline. We do not have the small pox twice.

We have received from a correspondent without a name, a long letter beginning, 'Wyat, the Sculptor of the Cenotaph; he is sinking into obscurity.' Our reasons for declining its insertion shall be in his own words,—'W(h)y at the sculptor of the Cenotaph? he is sinking into obscurity.'

CONGREVE ROCKETS IN THE WHALE FISHERY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—A good deal has been lately said about the application of the Congreve rockets to the whale fishery. *Suum cuique* is a maxim of which Sir William Congreve has had more frequent occasion to be reminded than almost any one of all the numerous inventors and speculators of the day. That the use of the rocket may be attended with the greatest practical benefits to the whale fishery, I have no doubt; but that the idea of this mode of attacking the monsters of the deep originated with Sir William is as little consistent with the fact as that he is the real author of every one of the many things to which his name is patented.

Fifty years ago, a plan exactly the same in principle was laid before the Society of Arts and Sciences, and a

trial of it was made down the river, which is thus noticed in the journals of the day:—

'Feb. 27, 1772.—Yesterday a trial was made under the inspection of a committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences, opposite the Orchard House, near Blackwall, by discharging a harpoon at an artificial fore part of a whale, constructed with hoops, canvas, &c. from a swivel gun, at the distance of forty yards. The first charge was only with half an ounce of powder, which proved too weak to throw the instrument home. The next proof was with an ounce charge, which carried the harpoon effectually through the work, which on a real whale must have done the intended execution. It is said that a steel bow on the same principle will soon be tried.'

I am, sir, your's, C.*

SCHILLER'S PICCOLOMINI.

In the critical remarks on Schiller's poems, in our last number, the following observations on his Piccolomini were unintentionally omitted.—ED.]

The Piccolomini require, not so much a well-informed, as an attentive and sensible public, who have a wish to dive into the beauties of this grand and noble drama. Only he who has witnessed with strict attention the representation of the *Piccolomini*, comprehends Wallenstein fully in its poetic greatness: he feels himself drawn along, and fettered by that horrible fate, that hurls destruction on this noble house. Wallenstein is here the hero of tragedy, proudly confident, and filled with ambitious schemes. The threads of the crimes through which he falls, and which he ascribes to fate, are here gradually developed; the grandeur, too, of his house, is here beautifully presented before our eyes, as likewise the vain selfish persons who surround him, supporting themselves upon the pillars of his greatness. Octavio would remain an enigmatical character, if not partly owing to his connexion with Questenberg, and partly to the paternal love towards his son Max, he had not opened the feelings of his breast.

The wicked offence appears in its lowest aspect in the bacchanalian scene at Count Terskys; but the foreboding of ruin, the godly revenge of Nemesis, is only known and taken hold of from the pure innocent mind of Theckla, who appears like a spirit of another world: for only in pure minds the present as the future is reflected in bright images:—

'Some obscure spirit wanders through this house, And speedily will destiny our fate unravel.'

* Our correspondent might have added that this mode has been of late years adopted with success by the Americans in their whale fishery.—ED.

Original Poetry.

ON THE STATUE ERECTED BY THE LADIES, IN HYDE PARK.

SAY to whose name the daring muse shall sing,
And to what hero touch the trembling string ;
Fame has the record that the British fair,
To grace Hyde Park, have placed a statue there ;
Vast is its size, *in buff* the monster stands,
And shield and falchion fill his mighty hands.
If great Achilles,—where the heaven-madeshield
That Homer sings the chief was wont to wield ?
Or that Patroclus, in the hero's sight,
Seiz'd, as he rush'd impatient to the fight.
But why thus naked? could no clothes be
found,
Not e'en a *petticoat* to wrap him round?
I know the poets sing that Thetis feared
Her son would fall if he at Troy appear'd ;
Thus spoke the Pythoness at Delphos' shrine,
And she believ'd the oracle divine.
Lycomedes received the blushing boy,
And 'mong his daughters gave the youth em-
ploy ;
There, in the female garb, in close disguise,
The future chief the busy shuttle plies ;
Till old Ulysses, doubtful of the truth,
By wily stratagem detects the youth ;
As an old pedlar, with his trinket ware,
He soon engaged the custom of the fair ;
But 'mongst the goods, a suit of arms he
brought,
Of well-tried temper, and superbly wrought.
The youth admir'd the glitt'ring helmet's size,
And view'd the beaming shield with longing
eyes ;
The maids, engaged with trinkets, stand apart,
Nor see Achilles with the arms depart ;
But he, ashain'd to wear a false disguise,
To the concealment of his chamber flies ;
There that the *female* should no more prevail,
He strips and buckles on the shining mail.
'Twas at this moment, when he naked stands,
With the round shield and falchion in his hands
The artist seized ; and to our view revealed
A scene, Achilles modestly conceal'd. E. G. B.

EMMA.

A Romance, translated from the German.

WHENCE issue the sighs through the still night
convey'd?

Who moans there so plaintive and low?
'Tis Emma, who weeps o'er the grave where
he's laid,
And a sacrifice brings to her dear Edwin's
shade,
Escap'd from this mansion of woe.

'My Edwin! oh, where is thy blest spirit flown,
Since freed from these regions of care?
Oh! yonder, where seraphs chaunt hymns
'round the throne,
Where naught divides lovers, and grief is un-
known,
My soul how it longs to be there !'

Thus lonely she moan'd, and she lifted her eye,
And brighter to shine seem'd each star ;
She thought that she heard angels choiring on
high,
And saw wide unfolding the gates of the sky,
And Edwin, her beck'ning from far.
And sacred tranquillity fill'd her pure breast,
With visions celestial beguil'd,
And lighter and lighter her sorrows still prest,
And ever to heav'n her blue eye she address'd,
And wishfully look'd up and smil'd.

And just as sweet Philomel hail'd the young
morn,
And night flowers their dewy cups clos'd,
When dawn had revealed the bright gems on
the thorn,
O then Emma's spirit to Edwin's was borne ;
Then peaceful in death she repos'd.
And down in yon vale where the willow still
weeps,
And lilies breathe fragrance around,
Lov'd Edwin's dear relics agrassy moundkeeps ;
And there fast beside him his fond Emma sleeps,
Till wak'd by the trumpets last sound. P***.

SONG.

YOUNG Flora was gentle, was lovely beyond
The maidens that danced on the green ;
Her bosom was tender, was faithful, and fond,
Ah, better it never had been.

Young Conrad he met her down down by the
stile,
And whisper'd soft vows to the maid ;
Her bosom, a stranger to man's luring guile,
Too easy believ'd all he said.

But mark ye the sequel, this innocent maid
By Conrad's base arts was deceiv'd ;
She foolishly trusted to be but betray'd
Where too fondly her heart had believed.

No more 'mid the maidens at the vintage so gay,
The once gentle Flora is seen ;
Heart-broken in anguish she withered away,
The loveliest maid on the green.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

Ah ! lady, soft thy pillow press
In slumb'ring sweet forgetfulness,
While angels guard the spell ;
And sorrowing here, condemned to part,
This sigh convuls'd—this throbbing heart,
Shall murmur forth—farewell !

So doom'd to leave his native home,
On ocean's trackless paths to roam,
To scenes of dangers fell ;
The swain yet lingers, pines his lot,
Views the last shadow of his cot,
And sighs—a sad farewell !

E'en so, by instinct sacred press'd,
The feather'd parent leaves her nest,
Yet fears for those who dwell ;
And flutt'ring over shrub and bower,
Fears some rude hand, in evil hour,
Should doom her hopes farewell.

For all my hopes now cling to thee,
And thou art home and life to me,
My love, oh ! who can tell ;
While to the hallow'd fane I bow,
My hope, my heaven of bliss art thou,
And yet I bid—farewell !

Still shall thy image to my breast,
As reliquie dear, be fondly press'd,
In grot or silent cell ;
And when, at eve, the numbers float
Of virgin hymn, from fisher boat,
I'll sigh my soft farewell !

Maid of my vow ! where'er I stray,
The hope of thee shall cheer my way
With rapture's sweetest spell ;
Around my bosom gently burn,
And paint the transport of return,
E'en while I bid farewell !

And should I faint, oppress'd with toil,
A stranger in a foreign soil,
And life there cease to dwell,

Some hov'ring spirit's generous care
To thee my latest sigh shall bear,
My murmur—last farewell.

Farewell, and e'en should heaven ordain
That we should never meet again,
Our mutual truth to tell ;
Ere yet for ever then we part,
O ! hear this sad this breaking heart,
That bleeds to sigh—farewell !

If haply, near your fav'rite bower,
You mark some solitary flower,
That lowly withering fell ;
Sigh o'er the leaves' neglected pride,
And think—'twas so thy lover died,
And breath'd his last farewell !

J. WILMINGTON FLAMING.

KILBURN WELLS.

How short the distance, yet secure
From London's smoke and noise ;
The sky serene, the air is pure,
And Peace her sylvan reign enjoys ;
Echo responds to music's shells,
Breathed in the love of Kilburn Wells.
The sun returns to western realms,
The evening's stars are clear,
The shadows hide below the elms,
And silence guards her dwelling here ;
Save, when the dog his duty tells
Along the vale of Kilburn Wells.
Who that comes here with feeling heart,
And cultivates his mind,
Will think and act the wise man's part,
By nature's lessons so resigned :
His thoughts will glean through field sand dell,
Within the range of Kilburn Wells.
If in my breast a joyful thrill
Pervades its pulses true,
'Tis when the earth and heavens are still,
And Hampstead's tree-fenced spire I view ;
Then wisdom beauty's tone excels,—
Then love is felt at Kilburn Wells.
The placid eye of night conveys
The voiceless moonlight's beam,
Where fancy unmolested plays,
And sleep and time with mortals dream :
How happy, then, the life that dwells
Free with content at Kilburn Wells ! J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE MESSRS. FOGGO.

A NOTICE of the principal picture in
this exhibition, the 'Cession of Parga,'
has already appeared in *The Literary
Chronicle* : and although the present
writer entertains a very different op-
tion of its merits, and so far from
thinking it a good picture, conceives it
to be a sad waste of canvass and colour,
to say nothing of time, yet he will
not enter into a critical analysis of its
defects, but proceed to the other pic-
tures which eke out the exhibition.
The Messrs. Foggo—

'Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame;—

The Messrs. Foggo have two or three minor productions, which are better, inasmuch as they possess the negative quality of being less faulty than the 'grand historical picture.' 'A View near Holloway' is pretty;—the reader must excuse the seeming negligence in the omission of the numbers, as none of the pictures are distinguished in that manner. It is astonishing how little has been done with the scenery around the metropolis:—by the way, Mr. Baynes, I see, is publishing some lithographic sketches of views near London, which, if well done, will, I doubt not, make a very pleasing collection.—'Part of the Interior of St. Paul's' is tolerable; the architecture of that stupendous pile, magnificent and correct as it appears to the eye, is very difficult to reduce on canvass. 'Friar Bacon in prison,' though bad in itself, has one saving clause; it is the effect of a sun-beam, the transparent whiteness of which, contrasted with the surrounding gloom, has, really, a fine appearance. Has the reader ever seen the sun shining through the aperture of a dark cloud? If not, I can assure him it will be worth his while to take an early opportunity of so doing: there is peculiar stillness and humidity in the glare, as though the wandering ray had lost its path, and, unable to regain it, was about to dissolve in a shower of tears, at being separated from its parent. The sky, in 'A View of Harrow from Hampstead,' (or Highgate, I forget which), is very striking:—and yet, it merely consists of one of those every-day skies, whose very repetition makes them neglected and overlooked:—the alternate light and dark clouds are passing slowly over the face of heaven, while here and there a spot of clear azure peeps forth, like a bright blue eye from the midst of sorrow. The sleekness of the dog's coat, in 'The Spartan Boy,' is well done; but the effect of the fox's head, peering out of the boy's side, is absolutely ludicrous. A copy of Poussin's 'Deluge,' of the size of the original, is the best picture in the room; and I conceive this superiority to be owing to the necessary absence of all distinction in light and shade, in the introduction of which the Messrs. Foggo are most evidently unsuccessful; however that may be, I shall seize this occasion to offer a few remarks on that extraordinary production, contenting myself with merely saying, that there is great merit in having been able to produce even a toler-

rable imitation of the glorious original. Poussin is said to have been eighty when he undertook this work, which has been, and will be, the admiration of this and every other generation. The novelty, the grandeur, the sublimity of the idea, were only so many powerful stimulants to the old man, and he perfected a performance, which, by many, is considered to be, in painting, what the Apollo is in sculpture, inimitable and unapproachable. With no model,—not even nature to work upon, but trusting solely to the vastness of his own conception, he executed this truly appalling scene. I dare not indulge myself with entering at large into the details of this picture; but I must, nevertheless, entreating the forgiveness of Messrs. F., say a few words of it. If Poussin did not possess the grace and spirit of his rivals, Le Seur and Lebrun, he certainly made ample amends for it by the energy and power of his composition. The period which he has fixed on in the flood, is at that time when all traces of man were gradually subsiding in the fearful universe of waters. The instance of maternal solicitude depicted in the left side of the picture, (the right, of course, of the spectator) is exquisitely touching; the dying agony of the sinking horse, whose groans are almost audible,—the desponding attitude of prayer in the man whose boat is being dashed to pieces by the torrent against the crags,—the gathering gloom that usurps the place of day, as the sun's fire seems quenched in rain and darkness,—are all indescribable: but, the *chef-d'œuvre* is the introduction of the serpent:—that is superhuman; the exulting manner in which he rears his crest above the ruin which himself had made, seeking the extreme points of the mountains, as though to glut himself with the surrounding horrors, determined, at least, to perish last in the overwhelming and inevitable destruction:—there it stands, like the upas-tree, the emblem of death, surrounded by its own solitary desolation; but words are far too weak to convey any adequate idea of the thrilling horror which this masterpiece of art produces on every mind. I strongly recommend those admirers of the fine arts, who have not seen the original, to pay a visit, at least, to the copy, which, though a faint resemblance, will be of more service than any verbal descriptions ever could. If I might be permitted to venture a criticism, I would say that the excessive roundness of the tree, on the left, is rather

out of character with the surrounding rocky scenery,—the water, too, is scarcely sufficiently disturbed by the torrents that are pouring in on every side: the latter, though, may have been meant by the painter to express the depth and muddiness of the waters.

I must now take a hasty leave of the Messrs. Foggo,—advising them, most cordially, to study a long time before they again venture on a grand historical painting: they would succeed, I think, better in landscape,—*mais chacun à son goût.* T. J. A.

The Drama,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.—The comedies of *Who wants a Guinea* and *The Heir at Law* have been admirably performed at this theatre. In the latter, Liston, as Lord Duberley, kept the audience in a continued state of risible excitation. This actor and Munden are inimitable in awkward attempts at gentility and politeness. Terry's Pangloss is too well known and too much admired to need remark. The other characters were tolerably sustained.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Tuesday, little Clara Fisher took her leave of a London audience, for the present, in the character of Doctor Pangloss; and astonished us with the accuracy and facility with which she gave the Greek and Latin quotations, so thickly interwoven in the part. Her archness and comic humour, her composed and sedate by-play, and her sage and philosophical use of her cane, were all so much in character, that we almost forgot the injury to the illusion by her diminutive figure. She often approached the drollery of Liston, the sarcastic looks of Munden, the vivacity of Harley, and the gravity of Terry. Though the character is more difficult than any she has ever sustained, yet we confess we never saw her to greater advantage. After the farce of the *Spoiled Child*, little Clara appeared and delivered a farewell address with much feeling and modest propriety.

Green-room report speaks highly of a forthcoming opera at this house, in five acts, by the author of the *Youthful Days and Stories* of Mr. Mathews. That best and most celebrated of novels, *Gil Blas*, is the subject, and the piece will display the different ages of the hero, by means of three several performers. Miss Kelly will represent the lad at seventeen; Pearman, the young man; and Bartley will be the *Gil Blas*

of fifty-two. We scarcely know a better subject for an opera, or better hands into which the subjects could have fallen.

DAVIS'S AMPHITHEATRE.—We had written Astley's, the name having been so long associated with this favourite place of amusement, which appears to be conducted with great spirit by its new proprietor. We were sorry, however, to find *Tom and Jerry* there, although, we must confess, they conducted themselves decently. Seeing the stud of horses is worth all the money at any time; and a Yorkshire phenomenon surpassed all that we ever saw in horsemanship, executing all the feats without either saddle or bridle, that are usually done with the aid of both. There is also an Indian who swings about on a rope, to the terror of the audience, who testify their fears by shrieks.

MONS. ALEXANDRE.—This ingenious *artiste*, as the French would call him, has concluded his successful season at the Adelphi, with an appropriate and becoming speech; and he has now transferred his entertaining talents to the country.

Literature and Science.

Aerial Excursion.—On Wednesday, Mr. Green ascended in a balloon from Cheltenham, accompanied by Mr. Griffith, the editor of the *Cheltenham Chronicle*. Previous to the ascent, some miscreant had cut one of the ropes which attached the car to the balloon. Mr. Green, however, disregarding the consequences, the effect was, that after a rather favourable ascent, in descending, one of the ropes caught a tree, the car was precipitated from the balloon, and the aeronauts were thrown to the ground and severely injured.

Breaking Stones by Steam.—On a new line of road now cutting between Bury and Bolton (about half a mile distant from the former town), a patent rotatory engine is attached to a machine something similar to a bone-mill, but considerably stronger, and breaks the stone to cover the road, at the astonishing rate of seventy or eighty tons in ten hours. The engine is mounted on wheels, so that it can be removed to any part of the road without being taken to pieces. This novel application of the power of steam originated with the spirited and ingenious inventor of the rotatory engine. By it the commissioners of the road are enabled to prepare materials on a scale of economy not before contemplated.

Ancient Ship.—An ancient vessel, of very singular construction, has been recently discovered in the old channel of the Rother. The spot where it was found is a field, the property of J. B. Pomfret, Esq. of Tenterden, near Maytham Wharf, on the left bank of a branch of the Rother (as now denominated), a short distance from its confluence with that river, at the west end of the Isle of Oxney, and nearly equidistant (about two miles) from Rolvenden and Newenden, the site of the ancient Roman city of Anderida. It is now six years since, when the water of the stream being very low, that the vessel was first accidentally observed in the side of the bank, and some planks drawn up and used for paling, &c. Within the last fortnight, Mr. Pomfret, at the request of his looker (Mr. William Elphee), who first made the discovery, granted permission to him, with the sanction of the commissioners of sewers, to break up the bank, dam up the water above, and use whatever means might be necessary to get at the vessel. The work was accordingly commenced, and after a week's labour, through a bed of sea-sand ten feet deep, the surface of the deck was cleared, and the whole upper part of the vessel, shewing its make and shape, rendered visible, when it was found to measure sixty-six feet seven inches from stem to stern, and twenty-five feet across the midships; its make is that of a barge, with a round stern, and its whole form similar to the present Dutch galliot, the aperture for the mast being nearly in the centre, before the main beam. The timber of which it is constructed, is oak, perfectly sound, and rendered nearly as hard as iron; of which metal itself, whatever has been exposed to the action of the elements, is wholly corroded, and breaks with facility, with the exception of the eye of the hook of the rudder in the stern-post, which remains as perfect as if recently fixed there. It is supposed to have been built about the latter end of the fifteenth century. Among the articles discovered, are several in metal and earthenware, similar to ancient Roman utensils, a sword-hilt, part of its blade, some human and other bones, and a variety of relics, well worthy the inspection of the curious.

The Bee.

At a city dinner, the other day, some gentlemen happening, during the circulation of the bottle, to be speak-

ing of the wit and vivacity of Horace, one of them turned round to Alderman A—, and asked him what he thought of the *Carmen Seculare*? His worship, who did not wish to appear ignorant, replied very gravely,—‘I don't know that they are worse than the carmen of Thames Street, who are a great bore.’

Siege of Gibraltar.—During this memorable siege, and when the firing of the dreadful red-hot balls from the castle had just commenced, General Elliot was employed in viewing through a telescope the effects which his ‘pills,’ as he termed them, had upon the *stomach* of the enemy, whilst a soldier stood near him, in the attitude of Atlas, with his face turned upwards, emptying, through the bung-hole into his stomach, the remains of a keg or cask of rum, almost the sole subsistence of the garrison at the time. In the same instant, the general's telescope and the soldier's cask were carried off by a ball or splinter, but without injury to either individual. They stood for a moment eyeing each other. ‘—my eyes, an't please your honour!’ exclaimed the enraged soldier at last, ‘but these fellows have more impudence than good manners, *by half*;’ and away he swung in full drive to his gun, ‘to be revenged,’ as he expressed it, ‘upon the mannerless rascals, who could interrupt gentlemen in their studies!'

Curious Knife.—A descriptive account of the knife presented to Prince Leopold by the corporation of the town of Sheffield. It contains fifty instruments, moving on twenty springs and twenty-five joints, mounted in gold and mother of pearl handle. It employed the workman thirty-six days of close application, weighs four penny-weights and a half, and is only five-eighths of an inch in length.—The following is a list of the articles it contains:

6 Penknife blades	1 Ditto timber scribe
1 Grafting-knife blade	1 Ditto leather punch
1 Budding ditto	1 Pair of gold compasses
1 Gold fruit-knife blade	1 Gun picker
2 Stick-knife blades	1 Pair of tweezers
2 Pruning ditto	1 Pair of scissars
1 Bow saw	1 Gold six-inch rule
1 Button-hook	2 Gouges of different sizes
1 Saw for wood	1 Chesil
1 Nail-knife blade	1 Bradawl
1 Nail cleaner	2 Gimlets of different sizes
1 Nail file	1 Horsepicker studded with gold
1 Silver fruitknife blade	1 Gun-screw
1 Double-tooth saw	2 Shell lancets
1 Gum lancet	1 Small leather punch
5 Fleams of different sizes	1 Gold tooth pick
1 Double joint cork-screw	1 Needle.
1 Ditto render	
1 Ditto auger	

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We received a few communications too late to be noticed in the Answer to Correspondents Extraordinary.—Mr. Everingham and S. K. shall find we have not forgotten them.

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